

Whig and Tory,

Or the Scribbling
DUELLISTS.

I.

YOU've seen how two domestick Curs will grin,
Yet fearing with each other to ingage,
Will throw loud *Challenges* about in din
And stifle the revengeful heat of rage.

2.

Their bristly *Turn-pikes* they'l advance with speed,
And clash their *Ivory weapons* till they grate,
Yet still before the On-set, they recede
And all this while disturbance do create.

3.

Thus act the two *Disturbers* of the Reign,
The whining *Whig*, and *Tory* of the Town,
Each dread the *Bugbear jealousies*, they feign
And skirmish with the *Windmil* of their crown.

4.

Republick *Whig*, whose true *Protesting Arm*
With so much art a Thunderbolt can fling,
As unto *Majesty* can ne're do harm,
Yet will dissolve a *Charles*, and save a *King*.

5.

Equipt with Innocénce this *Heroe* tries
Couragiously to carry on the Fray,
Whilst an Immortal valour sleeping lies
Under the peaceful Wings of *Tea*, and *Nay*.

6.

His right hand grasps the Sword of *Reformation*,
His left a large *Geneva Bible* sways,
Whose awful *Bosses* threaten *Desolation*,
And *Date* to the Gigantick *Tory's* days.

A

Hear

(2)

7.

Hear his *Device*, 'tis first triumphing *Death*,
 A *Priest* of his Formalities disrob'd,
 A panting *Prelate* gaping for new Breath,
 A broken *Crucifix*, and shatter'd *Globe*.

8.

Arm'd thus, he boldly marcheth out, and sees
 His Bravery applauded by the Croud,
 Whilst *Herald-like Courants*, and *Mercuries*,
 Proclaim revengeful Challenges aloud.

9.

Alarm'd at this the sprightly *Tory* flies
 With Martial expedition to the Fight,
 Hurling hot *Flakes* of Passion from his eyes,
 As just resentment of his injur'd right.

10.

Splendid as is the Morn he doth advance,
 Each Play commits a Flourish to his care,
 Whilst scraps of *History* tagg'd with *Romance*,
 Like *Pantaloons* doth dangle here and there.

11.

And now the noysie skirmish doth begin
 Each at a distance dare maintain the Fight,
 And arm'd with their *offensive Scribbles*, grin
 Yet have no true *Iambick* teeth to bite.

12.

The Zealous *Whig* swell'd with a glouting *Doze*
 Through open *Flood-gate* his infection spues,
 Then *Plantan-like*, the *Kirk*, and *Coffee-House*
 His failing *poison* carefully renews.

13.

But *Tory's* spacious and resenting Soul
 With Gallantry returns the Charge as fast,
 Belching successive *Vollies* from a *Scowl*
 Fill'd with the full-mouth'd lumber of *Bombast*.

14.

Thus, whilst devoted to their Cause, each strive
 Th' imaginary Conflict to maintain,
 Naught but a shameful *Trophy* doth survive
 Both Sence, and Law, and History are slain.

15.

Then let the *Whig* from future Faction cease,
 And entertain his jealousies no more,
 And left the *Tory* e're shou'd break the Peace
 Let him Write better henceforth, or give o're.

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